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The Middletown Transcript

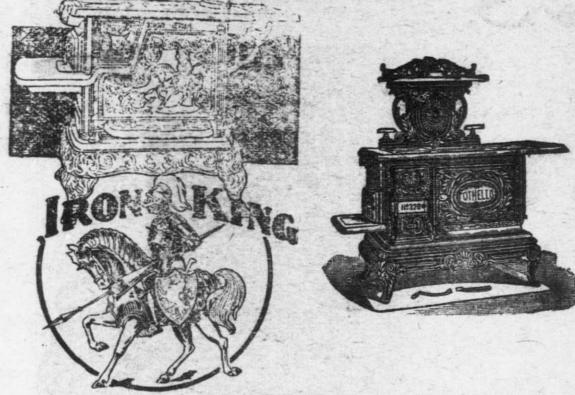
VOL. XXXV.—NO. 46

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1902.

Yes, we do all kinds of Job Printing and do it right.

PRICE, THREE CENTS

Middletown Hardware House



Tremendous CUT in PRICES of STOVES

In view of the uncertainty as to when we will have Anthracite coal, the price at which coal will sell, and the consequently decreased demand for stoves, we have decided to make the greatest cut in prices of all stoves, both Heating and Cook, (except wood and oil heaters) that has ever been made by any dealer in Middletown or in this community. We have the largest and completest variety of the best stoves manufactured. All bought for cash down, and previously to the last two advances in prices. These stoves we will offer to cash buyers at rates the nearest to manufacturers' wholesale prices that have been heard of here.

No hubub in our advertising; we have all the goods in hand that we advertise, and we do not say the price of an article is 10c but is the 15c kind. That's a "chestnut" with a moss covered back. Nor do we mark our goods in such hood-winking prices as 49c, 99c, 1.99 &c. This is SO THIN that it should not trick the vision of a mole, and a DISCOUNT should at once be demanded. When will Americans surfeit of the luxury of being "fooled"? Note these prices:

"Hazel" Double Heaters No. 14, set up \$19.50; No. 16, set up \$22.50. "Atlas," "Classic," "Nubian," and "Jewel Oak" Single Heaters, No. 10 to No. 16, at \$5.00 to \$12.00.

"Othello" Ranges, Coal or Wood No. 8, \$23.50; No. 9, \$28.00. "Sunshine" Range, Coal or Wood, No. 8, \$19.00; No. 9, \$22.50; "Iron King" Cook, Coal or Wood No. 7, \$17.00; No. 8, \$20.00; No. 9, \$23.50.

"Wyoming Dockash, Range, Coal or Wood No. 8, \$25.00; No. 9, \$28.00, WITH THERMOMETER. "Peninsular" Steel oven Range No. 9, \$18.50; same stove with Reservoir \$25.50.

Steel Range "Premier" No. 9, WITH HIGH-CLOSET AND RESERVOIR, no better made, \$45.00. Steel Range "Domestic," No. 8, with High-Closets or Reservoirs at correspondingly low prices. All the above Cook Stoves and Ranges are of the very highest and finest grade. We have a great variety of other Cooks and Ranges, coal or wood, and coal Heating Stoves at much lower prices.

10,000 U. M. C. Loaded Shells,

Both "Black" and "Smokeless" Powder.

Prices to please. Fodder Yarn, 9c. and 5c. per pound. Huking Gloves and Pegs. Working and Hunting Coats and Leggings.

TIN ROOFING and REPAIRING, Quickly and Cheaply Done.

Middletown Hardware House.



Mrs. L. S. Adams.
of Galveston, Texas.

"Wine of Cardui is indeed a blessing to tired women. Having suffered for seven years with weakness and bearing severe pain, and failing to find several doctors and different remedies with no success, our Wine of Cardui was the only thing which helped me, and eventually cured me. It seemed to build up the weak parts, strengthened the system and corrects diarrhea."

President Willits said that all the bills for the election had not been presented to the court and the others had been held up because some claims had not been received. He expressed a desire to have all the bills presented at once. Mr. Ewart reported that he had nearly all the bills for the primary election.

During the noon recess the court met as a committee of the whole and discussed the bills of the Arrowsmith Electric Company. No action was taken on the bill at the afternoon session and it will probably come up for settlement at the meeting of the court on next Tuesday.

When the court met in the afternoon a bill of \$533 was presented, it representing the expenses of the Board of Canvassers Brady, Butz, Adair, Stone and Wigglesworth were each allowed \$50, Frank A. McCloskey, \$75. Prothonotary Speckman, \$75, and there were bills of \$103 for guarding the ballot boxes and \$25 for delivering the certificates. Mr. Willits said there would also be a bill of \$25 for guarding the ballots before they were delivered.

And we certainly are able to support one. Delaware College now has a large and valuable "plant" and an income of \$42,000 a year. None of this is paid by the state. Is anyone willing to say that the State of Delaware is not able to pay the five to ten thousand dollars a year which should be added to this to keep this \$42,000 in the state and to make the college one of which the state may justly be proud? That need hardly be asked.

No, we need and can have a college which shall be the capstone of our system of public education. Now is the present college?" Has she justified her right to existence? Do the people look upon her as their college, (for that is necessary)? And has she shown herself fit for the place? Here are figures

In 1883, the year the article referred to was written, there were 30 students in the college; in 1890 there were 71; in 1902 there were 114. Some of the people see the advantage of keeping their sons in the state and giving them a better education at home and at a lower price than they could get outside.

I say a better education advisedly, for all thinking men must agree that the undergraduate is better trained in a small college than in a university; in a small town than in a large city. The moral and physical atmosphere is better on the part of the student.

The Great Sachem reserves for himself tribes No. 4, 9, 14, 17, 31, 32, 33, 34, 39, 45, D. of P. Nos. 1 and 3.

Committees—State of the Order—P. S., C. A. Clime, No. 42; P. S., Nathaniel Land; No. 34; P. S., F. S., Smith, No. 23; Constitution and Law; P. G. S., George G. Gutrie, No. 3; P. S., George Stout, No. 8; P. S., Harry A. Baerford, No. 11.

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Surplus \$250,000

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THE TRANSCRIPT \$1.00

THE LEVY COURT

At the session of the Levy Court on Tuesday the bill to pay the registrars of the recent election was presented and it amounted to \$8,605. In addition to this there was an item of \$420 for appeals, making a total of \$9,025. The bill was sent to State Treasurer Burrows and will be paid by him in a few days.

Clerk of the Peace Quigley presented to the list of the newly-arrived assessors, inspectors and road commissioners in the rural hundreds. The list was approved by the court and on motion of Mr. Elliott it was decided to notify the new assessors to appear before the court on next Tuesday to receive instructions regarding their duties.

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THE TRANSCRIPT \$1.00

DELAWARE COLLEGE

Sweet Peas

BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

"Misrule!"

"Yes; but I will tell you later. Here comes our horses."

You mount first.

While his companion took his seat in the saddle, Lieutenant Digby gave a coin to the hostler and said, carelessly:

"A good servant, my lad, never gossips. If you take this to mind and practice it, when I next come this way I will remember you. I liked not your talk about your good mistress' aunt who has just left; it is not seemly."

"But I meant no harm."

"No; I'll be bound you did not; but evil comes with the habit."

"I will remember," said the man humbly, and the two men rode off.

"You've fixed the matter in his mind now for good and all," said the lieutenant's companion.

"So I fear. It were better to have said nothing, I dare say."

"But why this care?"

"I will tell you. I was standing near when the woman drove up last night, and when the wind threatened to blow aside the old woman's veil, she put on her hand to draw it more closely. On the hand was a mitt, but when I saw how huge it was, and a black wrist, I put two and two together and felt convinced that fair Mistress Priscilla had some negro in charge on his way to the Line, and in all probability that it was Doctor Holt's Jock. As it was my devility that got Jock by his lashing, I shall keep silent and Mistress Priscilla may go on her way in peace."

The thereupon the lieutenant related the incident which took place at the muster, and the dire results which had come to Jock in consequence. His companion was greatly interested in the recital, as indeed he would have been in anything which related to the fair Priscilla, for in the one moment when she had turned her gaze upon him and he had seen the luster and deepness of her wondrous dark eyes, he was immediately possessed of an overwhelming desire to see her again, to speak to her, to follow her to the ends of the world if need be. It was the eyes which had bewitched him; he cared not for complexion or features or goodly carriage once he had looked into her wondrous, shining eyes, which, as she looked at him, seemed lighted with some sort of expression that made them shine gloriously. The contrast between her face, so calm, almost impassive, and the shining eyes so deep, tremulous and glowing at the time, transfixed his regard. Now he knew the cause. It was fear for her companion. By great effort she had controlled her features, but could not the expression of her eyes, and consequently he had seen them afame with the light of an unselfish deed where fear was mixed with determination. He rode out of the yard as in a dream, while his companion looked at him curiously, admiring meanwhile the well-knit form the strong, unhandsome features, which yet had such a trick of lighting up with a smile that one would swear the first glance had won him, that he was a handsome man after all. His name was Reginald Stanley, a young English surveyor, recently come from Connecticut to lay out, for a rich relative, lands lately granted by the new government. His family was a great one in England, but he was the fourth son, and so had nothing to expect save what he could earn himself by his work of surveying the wild lands in this region. He had been somewhat disheartened at the outset, but the unexpected sight of so much bewilderment beauty put into his heart a lightness never before experienced and which surprised even himself. As he turned at last to speak to the lieutenant, one of his rare smiles turned his rugged face to an expression of such beauty, that the lieutenant wondered at the man's charm. The friendship between the two was of recent date, but dare fair to be permanent, for the lieutenant, thought inclined to be wild and fond of frolic, was yet a kind-hearted, handsome and chivalrous young fellow whom Reginald felt sure he should continue to like.

They had started in a direction opposite to that pursued by Priscilla, when suddenly the lieutenant said:

"I fear me for Priscilla if she rides late to-night, or even until afternoon. Twenty miles will take her to a long region of woods where wolves abound. I regret I did not warn her."

"I will follow after, and as I have my gun I may be a help in case she comes to harm."

The surveyor spoke lightly, but as if fully determined as to his course, and the lieutenant, after a second thought, clapped his hand to his side, where were a brace of pistols, and answered, heartily:

"Thank you for showing me my duty so clearly. I will go with you. Other masters may tell their turn, which will come after Mistress Priscilla has safely landed her charge away from reach of the Doctor's long whip."

Sooth to say, the adventure suited his character, which was of the "here to-day and there-to-morrow order," and in which the succor of beautiful damsels was not an unwelcome incident. Besides, he did not care to leave his new friend alone to the undertaking, unused as he was to wolves and their habits. So, without more words, the young men wheeled about and started at a quick pace, following it until in the far distance they caught sight of Priscilla. Then they subsided to a slow jog and so continued through the day, eating their dinner at a small inn, while Priscilla and her companion broke their fast by partaking of a cold lunch which good Mistress Parker had given them. Priscilla had no thought that they were followed. If she had she would have been much alarmed, thinking that Jock was being pursued, so she enjoyed the ride greatly, for the foot-sweats kept them warm and the forest was filled with strange and beautiful pictures. At most an untroubled wild, save for the lumber road which she followed, the deep snow hung broken to every limb and bush, only to break into dazzling diamond-like beauty as the sun shone upon them, making the world all a gleam of whiteness, and the horizon, touching the tree-tops, as if the universe were narrow'd to take in only this snow-crowned scene. Rabbit tracks were seen and went in their white

and shored with terror. It seemed once as if he would fall backward over the occupants and crush them, but soon he was down, floundering in the deep snow, while the wolves, grown fierce and more frantic at the taste of blood, tore and bit the poor creature until he lay quite still.

Then two shots rang out, full and sharp, and a couple of wolves that had jumped upon the pung toppled over dead, and the rest of the pack drew off a bit and stood panting with their long, red tongues thrust out and their ears elevated, listening and peering forward as if to see the cause of their friends falling prone in so strange a manner. A few less, wondering feet upon their dying comrades and tore them to pieces.

"Still sit in the pung, Priscilla; this is my friend, Reginald Stanley, and we will try to save you."

"Give me your flint box," was all the answer she made, and handing it forth, he loaded and fired again and again, while his companion did the same. Still the wolves kept their places, yelling and fighting and falling over each other as the shots came, but seemingly not much dismayed, there were so many of them, and far back in the woods a huge, gray wolf encouraged them by yelps and barks. Suddenly a blaze sprang upward in a dead tree that stood above Priscilla's head. She had fired it directly she had succeeded in getting the sparks from the flint. This, then, was why she had wanted the flint box.

"That was a good thought," said the lieutenant.

"Marvelous," said his friend, and she turned to gaze into his face as the blaze shot upward and the flames lapped other trees near by and threw sparks into dead brush, until in less than two minutes a great fire blazed heavenward and the heat grew excessive. The wolves drew back in alarm, yelping their dismay and running from side to side, loath to leave their prey and yet so terrified by the fire that they made no further attack. Finally, when the two young men sent a well-directed volley of shot and powder into the midst of the largest group, the wolves, as if directed by a signal from the old gray wolf standing on a knoll at a distance, turned tail and fled. Soon not one could be seen but the body-carcasses of the dead animals.

Poor Dobbin was, too, quite dead, and shockingly mutilated. Priscilla turned sick at the sight of him, and woman fashion, now that the trouble was so nearly ended, began to be mightily afraid.

"Oh, save me," she cried, wildly.

"Why, Priscilla, you have saved yourself and the rest of us," said the lieutenant, heartily. "I never saw a nearer example than the firing of that dead tree. Lucky the wind had cleared it of snow. Zounds, but it is hot; we must get back to the inn. We will leave the pung and Jock," speaking with mock earnestness to frighten the negro.

"No, no; don't leave Jock, Mars Digby, for de wolves to eat all up."

"Well, then, I will not; but we will leave the pung. Reginald, you can take Priscilla up behind yon and I will take Jock. Climb, blackie, for all you are worth."

They were alone for the moment, and her eager gaze took a mortal picture of her beloved face and figure.

"I think so. I have promised Portia to go, and it may chance that we may see each other."

"Do you—may I hope that you will be glad to see me?"

"I shall not have you if I can help it." But for all her brave words, the futility of slaving Jock's pursuers, as she supposed them to be, struck her with cruel force. Still, with whip and rein she spurred her horse forward, and behind her came the two horsesmen.

"There is no use, my friend; she is bound to go on," said Lieutenant Digby, "and in those woods yonder a lumberman and his team were eaten by wolves not a month ago. I wonder why she did not stop when I shouted."

"She thinks, doubtless, that we are after the negro."

"Right you are. I never thought of that. I laid it to my not getting on well with the staid people at home. Mistress Priscilla does not quite approve of me, and has tried to turn her friend, Portia Palfrey, to her way of thinking, but thus far she has not succeeded."

And the lieutenant's eyes rolled up and his face contorted, as he cried out:

"Now, Mars Digby, is you gwine to take me back to de dead doctor?"

"Well, then, I will not; but we will leave the pung. Reginald, you can take Priscilla up behind yon and I will take Jock. Climb, blackie, for all you are worth."

Jock clambered up behind the lieutenant with wonderful agility, considering his age and feebleness, and sat there a moment in terror; his eyes rolled up and his face contorted, as he cried out:

"Now, Mars Digby, is you gwine to take me back to de dead doctor?"

"Well, suppose I do; would you be glad to get back to him after what you have been through in the woods yonder?"

"No, Mars Digby, I am thankful I have ridden well; but I know my promise, too. You should see her, Reginald, with her beautiful face and her bright ways, but which she sometimes drops with me."

"Is she as beautiful as Mistress Priscilla?"

"As beautiful! Ten times handsomer, man. There is naught to compare between them. I would you could see those two together."

Meanwhile the young Englishman had doubts about the greater beauty of the Governor's niece, and it put his mind at ease to hear the lieutenant's enthusiastic praise, for before this he had feared that he might be interested unduly in Priscilla Brown. In the intervals of their conversation, the two young men rode slowly, and thus allowed the team to gain upon them. They had been traveling an open stretch of ground, but now they entered the deep woods, which grew more dense each moment, for the sun had gone down, and they were alarmed to see no sight or sound of Priscilla. What did it mean? They had ridden slowly; but if the team had followed the road they could not have got out of sight so quickly.

"They must have lost the track, it is so dark; if so, they may be following in the woods at this moment," exclaimed the lieutenant.

"Hark! what is that?" exclaimed Reginald. "I hear dogs yelping."

"My God! it is not dogs, but wolves you hear. It is to the right over yonder. Let us go over that way, though it may be our last ride. But who cares? not I!"

"And indeed and indeed I am thankful but I know not how we are to continue our journey; it is necessary that my aunt should go to-morrow."

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Her companion noticed the hesitation at speaking of her companion, and he was convinced that she had not noticed in her excitement that Jock had helped her erect, while he guided his horse with the left.

"Do not fear any longer, Mistress Priscilla," he said at last, reassuringly. "My friend will take care of the old dame and I will care for you; the peril is past, and although the horse is dead you have every reason to be thankful."

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"Oh, it is nothing. You would do much for another, would you not?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but I am not alone; I am as often driven as ridden, and I will hire another to take me to Newgate."

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"How good you are to a stranger! I do not see why you should be pretty woman."

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"It is, oh, it is nothing. You would do much for another, would you not?"

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